

Bobby Bare, Paul

Well he rode through the woods on a big blue ox
He had fists as hard as choppin' blocks
Five hundred pounds and nine feet tall that's Paul
Talk about working when he swung his ax you could hear it ring for a mile and half
He'd yell timber and down she'd fall for Paul
Talk about drinkin' that man's so mean that he'd never drink nothin' but kerosene
A five gallon can is a little bit small for Paul
Talk about women that man's so lusty
Needs a woman ever hour just to keep from gettin' rusty
Young ones run and the old ones crawl to Paul
Talk about tough well he once had a fight with a thunderstorm on a cold dark night
I ain't sayin' who won but it don't storm at all round here thanks to Paul
He was ninety years old when he said with a sigh
Said I think I'm gonna lay right down and die
Cause sunshine and sorrow I've seen it all says Paul
Says there ain't no man alive can kill me ain't no woman left can thrill me
And I think a heaven just might be a ball says Paul
So he died and we cried
It took eighteen men just to bust that ground
Took three or four more just to lower him down
Then we covered him up and we figured that was all for Paul
But late one night the trees started shaking
And the dogs started barking and the earth started quaking
And out of the ground with the hi ye all came Paul
Well he shook the dirt from off his clothes
He scratched his ass and wiped his nose
You know being dead wasn't no fun at all says Paul
He said now up in heaven they got harps on their knees
They got clouds and wings but they got no trees
I don't think that's much of a heaven at all says Paul
So he jumps on his ox with a fare thee well
He said I'll find out if they got trees in hell
And he rode away and that was all we ever seen of Paul
But the next time you hear a timber yell
That sounds like it's comin' from the pits of hell
Then a boomin' laugh and a ghostly wail like somebody choppin' on the devil's tail
Then a shout and a call a crash and a fall
That ain't no mortal man at all that's just Paul